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THOMSON, GEORGIA

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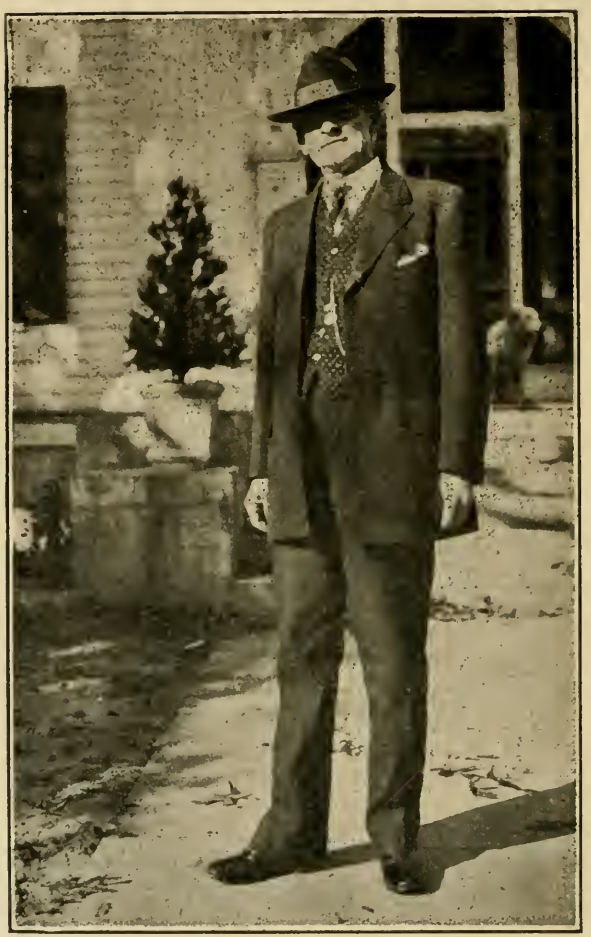

Snapshot of Senator Watson at "Hickory Hill" just before leaving for Washington to assume the duties as Senator from Georgia.

LIFE OF THOS. E. WATSON

BY HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER,
GEORGIA WATSON LEE

CHAPTER III.

"SCREVEN COUNTY"

Let us drop the name of Tom and refer to him now as Mr. Watson. "Beginning in Life" heads the page in his scrap book, giving an account of his school teaching in Screven County November 7th, 1874. We read "On Thursday morning Sept. 24, I left home to begin life for myself."

In a straight forward way Mr. Watson tells of his forebodings that he might be on a wild goose chase, with only six and a half dollars in his pocket. After spending two dollars at the Middle Association,* he set out on a cross-the-country journey eighteen miles to Screven County. Let him tell us,

> Things now began to look pretty discouraging. My money was nearly gone, and still no situation of any kind turned up. It now dawned upon me very clearly that I must paddle my own canoe, and that pretty quick.

This dawning of a new day upon Mr. Watson marked the dividing line from his childhood and school days to the battle ground of life. It was manhoods' challenge to shoulder responsibility and surmount difficulties. This he did courageously, acknowledging with pathos, the companionship of a close friend, for he says: "Early Monday morning, with my dear friend, Glenn Thompson, I went around to the people of the neighborhood for the purpose of making up a school.** This I did readily. I opened my school on the first Monday in October."

Mr. Watson's warm responsive disposition is shown here by the

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*A coming together of representatives of several separate and sovereign Baptist church organizations lying and being in the same section of the country.

**Making up a school mentioned here means that Mr. Watson carried around a written contract to the families which might patronize the school he was "making up", on which the head of the families could subscribe a certain number of scholars that would be sent from that family to the school. Mr. Watson, as teacher, was the party of the second part in the contract and set for his obligation to "teach and govern said school to the best of his ability." This contract stipulated a certain sum to be paid for each pupil and constituted a binding mutual obligation to patronize this school and to teach said school.)

glowing description he gives in his note book of the pleasant days he spent while boarding in the home of Mr. Thompson. Doubtless, during these pleasant days and weeks, he was teaching a model school for that time.

We do not find his notes so full of the details of this school as we do of the one taught a year previous at Hamlin Academy. That being his first school, we find his scrap book quite interesting in giving his experiences. These experiences, so graphically told, must have gone far towards the development of successful teaching. He says:

The month which I have passed here in Hamlin Academy has been one of the most pleasant of my life. My boarding place is all that I could desire. The members of the family are kind and affectionate. My room is airy and I have it all to myself. I have free access to all the fruits which the place affords. My school up to this time has not been a task but a pleasure. *How many teachers of today can echo these sentiments?* I have upwards of thirty-five scholars, none of them advanced farther than grammar and arithmetic, though some of the boys are grown. The small girls give me the least trouble and the small boys the most. It is a positive enjoyment to teach the little girls. I treat the large boys as gentlemen, the large girls as ladies, and I require them to treat me in the same manner. Should one of these girls or boys show a disposition to neglect studies, or to behave badly, the board of trustees would at once take the case in hand. If one of the juveniles errs, why, I call for a black-gum and then, ye Powers! I sweat and thrash while he screams and dances. But, thank my stars, I have very little of this to do. The study which gives me the most trouble here is grammar. All seem to have a perfect horror of it. They have numberless excuses for getting off from it. They have such bad memories as to forget their books and leave them at home. The books themselves are so unfortunate as to get numerous leaves torn out of them. Again somebody took somebody else's grammar through mistake ,and carried it home. Therefore the owner of the book thinks he has a "king's excuse" for not troubling the detested bugbear for that day. Learning them to write well is another frightful source of trouble. Some do the best they can, but there are others who don't. These latter are very amusing. They think that the principal object is to finish up as much paper as possible. But these do not worry me much. Altogether, I like school teaching better than anything I ever tried before. While teaching them, I am teaching myself. It is the same as a grand review of all the studies of my life. Every day I experience improvement. And I hope also, seeing the absolute necessity of it, I am getting more command over my temper. I shall never forget the first day I gained the first complete victory over it. (*The italics are mine.*)

It seems that Mr. Watson had some trouble getting his little school money and more in making it cover all the legitimate needs that spring up for the funds. However, in this we judge that the teacher of today can duplicate his experience.

* * * * *

We cannot forbear giving at this time some of the vivid sketches

that this seventeen year old school teacher put on record in his scrap book.

First, let us take James Tool. Jim is quite a character. He is about eighteen years of age, well grown, with a high, narrow forehead and small, gray eyes, which could look at you an hour without blinking. Jim is quite a sight when writing. He seizes the staff as if to hold it at all hazards and then pushes his creaking pen along with the energy of despair. He dips his pen into the ink bottle, but when he draws it out he finds no ink on it. Determined not to be foiled again, he plunges it in this time until it rings against the bottom of the bottle. Drawing it forth now, even the staff for half an inch is covered wih ink. He does not care for that though, but slides his hand down to the pen and digs away. But being so full of ink the pen makes a huge blot. This is indeed unfortunate but does not at all dishearten James. Taking the copy book in his hands he raises it to his mouth, pokes out his tongue slowly and licks the blot. He takes the copy book down, looks solemnly at it for a moment, and finds, as anybody besides James Tool might have expected, that the spot is three times larger and five times uglier. This is the straw that breaks the camel's back. Jim shuts up the copy book in profound disgust and takes his seat in his accustomed corner feeling mean and humiliated.

* * * * *

The finer sensibilities of Mr. Watson were ever ready to respond to the lovely and beautiful. Near the close of the summer school, here is what he had to say about music:

Today at the Episcopal church I listened to some of the best music I ever heard. Music on me has a deep effect. When I hear the low, sad, sweet notes of the organ I feel that the tenderest chords of my nature are swept. I feel more sad, but, at the same time, most happy. It seems as if I could always be good and that those lingering notes could waft me to the Heaven of perfection. When I lay me down to die, if my faith should be weak, I feel as if music, plaintive, slow, stealing music, could bear me on its pinions through the valley and shadow of death. I have drunk of many a cup of pleasure, but I believe that the purest and most intense enjoyment I have ever known was listening to the Episcopal organ this morning.

* * * * *

This summer's experience had done much to give him confidence in himself and to kindle within a love for his work. His enthusiastic ambition to win filled him with fire for the success of his school. His sketches are so true they must have resulted from a study of each pupil. Who knows but what this close observation of the individual went far towards giving Mr. Watson the power in later life to observe a jury and recognize the change in each man as he decided to give a verdict for the client whose cause Mr. Watson was pleading. Yes, and even more, gave him the power to recognize the action of men's minds collectively as they were moved to decisions while he pleaded

from the platform for great principles, which he considered fundamental for a free Democratic government.

While we are tracing his life as a school teacher we must notice about this time that he began to win an enviable place as an orator. A brief paragraph in his notes tells us modestly how he stood among his fellows and colleagues while in his freshman year:

Farewell to the Seniors of Mercer University, Phi Delta Society. It has always been customary in the Phi Delta Society for the seniors to make parting addresses and for a selected number of the Junior class to respond. We had a meeting for this purpose yesterday. All the seniors that were present, Messrs. Smith, Arnold and Calloway, made farewell addresses, and Joseph Jones was chosen from the Juniors to respond. A member of the Sophomores was then called upon but he refused to speak. Being called upon, I responded in behalf of the Freshman class.

* * * * *

This young teacher in a school of Screven County, which he has called "Beginning in Life", must have attracted wide attention, for in his notes we read:

In November a committee from a temperance society at Horse Creek Church favored me with an invitation to deliver them an address at their next meeting. It gave me much pleasure to comply in the speech which begins on the next page.

There was a temperance question then, when the prohibition advocate was much less popular then than he is today. Corn whiskey could be had everywhere, yet in that formative period of Mr. Watson's life, his character and morals were so well fixed in the right direction that this organization selected him to hold aloft the banner of temperance on the platform to aid them in their fight against that damnable curse—drink—which robs the body of its strength, the intellect of its powers, and destroys every safeguard that society has built around the individual.

At this time (1927) when the Volstead Act has been pronounced everything from a glorious success to a dismal failure, we feel constrained to give a few extracts from Mr. Watson's address in Screven County more than fifty four years ago. Would to God that he were here today to plead with pen and voice for an individual personal purity which classifies as equally dangerous the bootlegger's business and the rattlesnake's hiss.

His address is replete with sledge hammer blows for temperance. We give only a few:

I heard an old man remark, "I am going to join, but I will have to quit drinking by degrees. I am in the habit of taking three glasses a day. Next week I will take only two; week after next one; and with that week my use of liquor

will end. Thus I will quit drinking by degrees." My friends, this was a very dangerous experiment. If you have a bitter pill to take why should you divide it into several doses to make it all the more painful?

* * * * *

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I come to the subject of my remarks, "Our duties in regard to the temperance cause." And just here I will say that we can never accomplish the object of our organization until we realize and perform those duties. You may strow your societies broadcast over the land; you may argue the benefits of your movements day after day; you may preach the curse of alcohol till the Heavens fall; but unless each member of the social world sees where his duty lies and lends a willing hand to its discharge your efforts will result in an utter, disgraceful failure. I would like to say something of the benefits of temperance, but I have time to touch upon only one, viz., good government. By this I mean that we would have better laws, more quiet and security in the ranks of society. Temperance is the main strength of the government, without which the whole machine runs to ruin.

With the following burst of oratory he closes:

Your cause is just and holy. Press forward and fear not. The wise and the good will cheer you in your way, and the stars themselves look down upon you in encouragement. The flag of your order has been planted on high and upon it gleams your proud motto. Fellow citizens, let that banner never be folded away; let that motto never be torn down till the curse of intemperance is swept from our land; till the victims can no longer be found in all ranks of our society; till the iron tongue of the law has proclaimed that alcohol shall reign no more! Then again will the sounds of distress die away. The low, sad wail of agony will be hushed. Prosperity will twine for us her evergreen garlands during the day; and when the lights fade away from the west we will gather around the fireside where happiness will wave over us her golden sceptre and every dimple on the cheeks of home shall smile with joy

"And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arab,
And as silently steal away."

* * * * *

(CHAPTER IV NEXT ISSUE)

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

We noticed that the occasion of Lincoln's Memorial Sunday recently, in one of our great cities brought about the exchange of ministers for that day—white pastors going to negro churches and negro pastors going to white churches. The paper reported that the action was prompted by the Commission on Race Relations of the City Church Federation, and that thirty-three churches participated in this exchange of ministers.

We admire Lincoln the Statesman. He and Washington undoubtly hold the highest places on the annals of our country, and their names will be the last to crumble from our memorials. We are glad that slavery no longer casts a shadow over our great nation. We are anxious to see both races climb higher and higher on the ladder of civilization and morality, but we do not believe that the exchange of ministers between the pulpits of the two races will hasten these desirable conditions. When any race mixes and mingles with an inferior race, it is always to the detriment of the superior race. Our efforts should be to help the negro to better his condition, being careful not to compromise our ideals in any way by inter-social relationships. If we are to maintain the purity of the white race, we must guard against any social practices that will tend to the amalgamation of the two races. Already, we have gone too far in this direction.

* * *

Recently The Daytona Beach Journal gave an interesting resume of the views expressed by Dr. Andres Osuna who for two years was Governor of a state in Mexico, and, also at one time Superintendent of Public Schools in the City of Mexico.

He spoke as follows:

"Mexico and the United States are next-door neighbors and have many problems in common. We must understand each other well, so as to always be on the friendliest of terms. A great many international difficulties between the two nations are due to misunderstanding, and can be settled in a peaceful and friendly way by a mutual effort to understand each other, to be sympathetic with each other. There are two or three points of discussion between the two Governments at present, and I will present to you the Mexican point of view.

"The first is with reference to the oil investments in Mexico. The leading point of misunderstanding in general is that the American people want to apply to Mexico the laws of the United States or the methods of thinking of the American people . The present Mexican laws, let it be understood, are based on the old Spanish laws. For three hundred years of colonial life these laws were applied. When the country first began to be settled, all mineral rights and w a t e r rights were reserved for the Crown. When Mexico became independent the rights of the Spanish Crown passed to the Government. Therefore, all mineral rights belonged exclusively to the Government. The minerals were always worked under special concessions from the Government, paying special taxes. When the first attempts were made to develope oil, the question arose as to whether petroleum could be classed as a mineral. The Government, after careful consideration of the problem, decided that oil fuel lay within the scope of the mining code.

"Soon after our independence a decree was passed by the Congress authorizing the old Spanish mining code to be in operation in the new country. The first Mexican mining code was enacted in 1884." After establishing the rules for the working of all sorts of mines, the following article was added: "The following items belong exclusively to the owner of land, who may, therefore, exploit and utilize them without the need of public adjudication. . . . So the Government decided to grant the surface owner the privilege of working certain minerals without public concessions, and petroleum was among them. It was a grant of the Government to the surface owner. That was the mining code of 1884. T h o s e regulations could be changed at any time just the same as any other regulation in other country may be changed. Cities pass ordinances from time to time with regard to building houses, and everybody complies with them. So other mining codes were enacted with more or less the same concessions. The fundamental principle, however, that the Government has the right to whatever is beneath the surface of the soil in the nature of mineral, was not altered.

"When the new Constitution of 1917 was enacted the Government took back the privilege extended to the landowner and left it with the Federal Government. The oil laws of 1925, observe, recognize all acquired rights under the mining codes in operation when the oil developments started in Mexico. Any rights previ-

ously acquired are respected. A distinction must be made between acquired rights and expectations. Let me illustrate what I mean. An individual who buys a lot has acquired a right through the legal transaction, but the expectation to put up a twenty-story building cannot be mixed up with his acquired right. Should an ordinance be passed prohibiting the erection of twenty-story buildings, before he has begun building, he abides by the law. When all investors bought land in Mexico, they acquired the right to that land, but sometimes they merely expected to get oil. Note I say expected. These two things must not be mixed up as some of the oil investors have been in the habit of doing. Any legally acquired rights are respected and ratified under the present oil laws in Mexico. So that there is no ground for complaint on the part of the oil investors, unless they insist on trying to apply laws and customs that have never been in existence in Mexico."

* * *

The Georgia Power Company gets out a small publication—"TWO BELLS," and gives it publicity by placing it in the street cars for free distribution to the public Elmer W. Cooper contributed this mirth maker:

ITEMIZED

An old darky had been hauling some stone and time came for his pay.

Paymaster: We can't give you your money until you have submitted an itemized statement of your work.

Darkey goes off meditating and in a few minutes returns with the following itemized statement: "3 comes and 3 goes at 4 bits a went—$3.00."

* * *

The New York Times printed an article from William Allen White on the subject "Portrait of a Typical Farmer." -He concludes by saying:

"He is a peculiar product of modern democracy—this American farmer. Democracy has educated the peasant of 300 years ago, has widened his horizon by multiplying his economic needs a thousand fold. Having given the farmer a taste and a desire for all the good things of civilization, democracy has equipped him with the political power to get these things. So he stands, asking the other estates to 'whack up', to give him the same share of the material things of life that the professions have, and the merchants and traders and money changers.

"The situation is one of the few new things in an old world. Solomon, who said there was nothing new under the sun, was also wise. But he would have to bat his eye and swallow at this picture of

the American farmer. It will take more than a Solomon to decide what to do with the farmer."

There are a great many now who are coming forth with this and that and the other thing to help the farmer. Congress has labored vociferously on it and finally gave birth to a measure on which there is a wide divergence of opinion and which can never be a solution of the problem. The banker, the merchant, the organizer, the newspapers and periodicals (this is one) are busy offering remedies, although many of them never pulled the "bell-cord" over a southern mule, or lived for a week in a camp helping to harvest the wheat on a middle west grain farm. But here's luck to them. We hope somebody will say the right thing for God knows the farmer is in "a hard row for stumps."

* * *

Asher Hobson, in giving foreign news on cotton to the United States Department of Agriculture explains measures taken by the Egyptian Government to aid the cotten growers. He summarizes the measures as follows: "(1) legislation to restrict cotton acreage; (2) intervention in the market by government purchase of cotton; (3) lending money to growers at rates less than the open market rates; (4) legislation to prohibit the mixing of varieties of cotton; (5) a law requiring that all seed used for planting purposes be certified as to p u r i t y and germinating powers."

Further on he discusses another law which will be enforced on the Egyptian farmer, and which will not allow him to plant more than one-third of his tillable land in cotton. Violation of this law is punishable by either a fine or imprisonment or both. Areas planted in cotton in excess of the one-third are subject to be uprooted by the Government at the expense of the grower. Egypt's total cotton crop is small comparatively speaking, and this restriction of cotton acreage was not proposed with the idea of materially influencing the cotton market, but with the view to compelling the cotton farmer to adopt an improved system of corn rotation and diversification. We give this as news, not as a solution for the American cotton farmers' problems.

* * *

In reply to a questionnaire circularizing the students of a girls' college, in which they were asked to rearrange the Decalogue according to their conception of its importance, the result after complete tabulation stood as follows:

"Honor thy father and mother.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord in vain.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.

Thou shalt not covet.

Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."

Is this the way Moses arranged them?

* * *

A newspaper man said that copy was continually coming to the office showing that happiness and prosperity followed right-living. "No, we don't publish it," he owned. "There's more money in printing the escapades of murderers and bandits and the scandal makers of society.

* * *

Here's a good thought under the head—"Are We Goats:"

"A learned pathologist evoked a chuckle by saying that Americans were becoming a race of goats.

"That we eat out of tins whereas goats eat tins, is only a detail of difference."

"When a farmer raises a bumper crop of potatoes and then almost starves on the money he gets for them, and a city man trudges to the nearest grocery store and pays twenty-five cents for six or eight gnarly specimens, both may well call themselves goats."

We are very much in sympathy with this writer. His logic will apply to all crops and emphasizes afresh the importance of proper marketing methods as a protection for both producer and consumer.

* * *

Speaking of Goats, reminds us of the school boy's essay on goats as given in the Epworth Herald:

'A goat is about as big as a sheep if the sheep is big enough. A female goat is called a buttress, a little goat is called a goatee. Goats are very useful for eating up things. A goat will eat up more things than any animal that ain't a goat. My father had a goat once. My father is an awful good man. Everything he says is so, even if it ain't so. That is all I know about the goats."

* * *

Recently, Billy Sunday visited Atlanta while on his way to Tampa, Florida, for the purpose of persuading the unsaved in that city to strike the saw-dust trail. We give some of his observations while addressing an Atlanta congregation:

"If the United States' insanity growth maintains its present ratio to population, every man, woman and child in the country will be nuts in 210 years!"

"If you want to bob your hair,

go ahead. You've got as much right as I have to grow a beard or shave my chin—there's no moral question involved."

"God said: 'Noah, go build the ark—I'm going to turn the hose on that crowd.' They were so foul that a turkey buzzard couldn't fly over them without holding it's breath."

"God Almighty runs this whole shooting match—take it on His terms or go to the devil."

"It's Jesus Christ or nothing in this old world—God isn't running a half-way house."

* * * * *

Some one has aptly said that about all a child learns when he is receiving a thrashing by the teacher is that the teacher is stronger than he is. This is true but the effects may be far broader and more enduring than this. Among other things, he will learn that punishment follows evil doing; that there is such a thing as authority whose edicts he must obey; that the path of the transgressor is rough and hard, leading to pain, disgrace, and humiliation. Furthermore, he learns then, or later, that the Word of God is right when it says, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

* * * * *

Astronomers seem to agree that there are strong indications that our satellite, the moon, was at some remote period thrown off from the earth. They think there is evidence to show that it was thrown off from the region of the Pacific Ocean, which is almost entirely surrounded by a volcanic belt. It may be that a terrific internal force blew off this great mass while at the same time it cracked the opposite side of the earth, and left a long trough in which now lies the Atlantic Ocean. Get your map and see how the eastern coast of the Americas seems in a general way to be a rough fit for the western shores of Europe and Africa. Imagine your hands large enough and strong enough to encircle the whole earth and squeeze it together, would not the two shores of the Atlantic fit each other fairly well? So the star-gazers say that it is logical to assume that the western side, or side near what is known as the Western Hemisphere cracked when rebounding from the terrific force that threw off the mass of the moon from the Pacific region. Thus the great depressions were made for our two large oceans.

* * * * * *

SHORT TALKS TO YOUNG MEN

BY

THOS E. WATSON

"THE VALUE OF CAREFUL DRESSING"

The choice and care of your clothing is much more important than you might suppose—for your personal appearance speaks for you or against you, at all times. I assume that it is unnecessary to advise you on the subject of physical cleanliness. Your own instincts should be your best guide, as to that. Of course, you bathe regularly; of course, you pay attention to your hands and finger-nails; of course, you keep your teeth perfectly clean, so that your breath won't st—smell badly.

And you wouldn't think of picking your teeth, or of cleaning your nails, *in company.*

You do such things in private, to be sure,—just as you do other things which would excite disgust, if done in public.

When in company—more particularly at the table—you make noiseless use of your handkerchief. You don't blow a blast on your nose—as many thoughtless ones do. You are quiet about this, as you are about taking your soup.

And, oh heavens! you never *sniffle.* General LaFayette did, it is true; and maybe that was one reason the Austrians kept him in jail so long. Possibly, it was his sniffiling habits that made him unbearable to Queen Marie Antoinette.

At any rate *you* must not sniffile. Use your handkerchief, and keep your proboscis dry. I repeat it, Sir, we must *not* sniffile.

Supposing that you shave, every morning, (easy now, since Gillette and others invented the "Safety") and that you bathe your feet every night (sour feet should be a capital offense!) and that you are not everlastingly spitting, nor belching, nor carrying sore eyes all over the country, we will now come to your mode of dressing.

Madame de Stael used to say the sense of being well dressed was a source of greater internal repose and comfort to her than any religious conviction could impart.

That's carrying it altogether too far; but she certainly expressed what very many feel.

Thomas Carlyle wrote a wonderful treaties on the *philosophy* of clothes: some day you might read it.

In the meantime, consider the following suggestions:

Try to choose clothes that fit you. If you purchase ready-made garments, don't be satisfied with a suit simply because the salesman assures you that it is becoming to you, and a perfect fit. Have a mind of your own about the matter, for it's you who are to live and go about in those togs,—not the clerk. If he hasn't got what you want, seek it elsewhere. Many and many a time, I've made the common mistake of being "overpersuaded" by the affable, plausible salesman.

In fact, there are some of them who pride themselves on their ability to sell you what you *don't* want; saying that *anybody* could sell you what you do want.

So you need to be on your guard.

In these days of manufactured shoes and shirts and suits of clothing, it is next to impossible to secure an all-round fit, *from head to foot.*

Nearly everybody's underwear is too large or too small: nearly everybody's feet have been ruined by shoes that were not the right size or which were either too soft or too hard. Few ready-made suits look well, after a few weeks' use.

If you can afford it, patronize a tailor. In the long run, you will find it cheaper and far more satisfactory.

Never wear any article of clothing out of season. A straw hat too soon or too late, is a breach of good taste. The same canon applies to every part of your attire.

By keeping your wearing apparel perfectly clean, and carrying yourself erectly and with animation, you will appear better dressed than the wearer of a slouchily kept and slouchily worn suit which costs twice as much as yours.

Remember that a dirty shirt, or soiled cuffs are inexcusable when you are not on your travels, or not engaged in some work which is of itself begriming.

Never wear anything that makes you conspicuous. Select as good a *quality* as you can afford; but avoid showy fabrics and "loud"

colors. Let everything be on the subdued order, and shun what is bizarre or freakish or peculiar, as you would a pestilence. As a rule, conform to the best standard which prevails in your environment.

Above all, never show any affectation or self-consciousness about your clothes. Learn to wear them as you do your skin—without a thought of them.

If your attention or that of your associate is attracted to your dress, *something is wrong.* It may be your vanity; it may be your bad taste in selecting what to wear; it may be that your companions are rude.

Of course, this applies to general conditions and ordinary occasions. On Easter Sunday, all rules are suspended. So, also, at many Society functions.

Keep your hands out of your pockets. These pockets are like muscles which enable some people to "wink" their ears; the day they served a serious purpose belongs to ancient history.

Don't do anything to your clothes in company. If you see a button which you overlooked in dressing, step aside to put it where it belongs. Same, as to shoes, collar, necktie, and waistcoat. The invariable rule is that you must dress, *wholly in* private.

Of course, the beastly Pullman car has made an infraction of decent custom. Human hogs take advantage of the situation to almost entirely dress and undress in the presence of ladies and girls. I am not at all certain that much of the immorality and lowering of standard of manners can't be charged up to the disgraceful conditions that people have to endure on these Pullman sleepers.

Adjust your suspenders properly, so that you won't have to turn up your breeches in America, because it is raining in Great Britain.

* * * * *

"TABLE MANNERS" IN MAY ISSUE

PLANTING CORN

BY

THOS. E. WATSON

The bluebird was out today; out in his glossiest plumage, his throat gurgling with song.

For the sunlight was warm and radiant in all the South, and the coming spring had laid its benediction on every field and hedge and forest.

The smell of newly plowed ground mingled with the subtle incense of the yellow jasmine; and from every orchard, a shower of the blossoms of peach and apple and pear was wafted into the yard, and hung lovingly on the eaves and in the piazzas of the old homestead—the old and faded homestead.

Was there a cloud in all the sky? Not one, not one.

"Gee! Mule! ! !"

"Dad blast your hide, why don't you gee-e-EE! !"

"Co?whack" goes the plowline on the back of the patient mule—the dignified upholder of mortgages, "time price" accounts, and the family credit, generally.

Down the furrow, and up the furrow, down to the woods, and up to the fence—there they go, the sturdy plowman and his much-enduring but indispensable mule.

For the poplar leaves are now as big as squirrel-ears, and it's "time to plant corn."

On moves the plowman, steady as a clock, silent and reflective.

Right after him comes the corn-dropper, dropping corn.

The grains fairly chink as the bare feet of the corn-dropper hurry past; and before the corn has well cuddled itself into the shoe-heel of the plowman's track, down comes *the hoe of the* "coverer"— and then the seeds pass into the portals of the great unknown; the unknown of burial and of life renewed.

Peeping from the thicket, near at hand, the royal redbird makes note of what is going on, nor is the thrasher blind to the progress of

the corn-dropper. And seated with calm but watchful dignity on the highest pine in the thicket, is the melancholy crow, sharpening his appetite with all the anticipated pleasures of simple larceny.

The mocking bird circles and swoops from tree to tree, and in his matchless bursts of varied song, no cadence is wanting, no melody missed.

The hum of the bees is in the air; white butterfles, like snowflakes, fall down the light and lazily float away.

The robin lingers about the China tree, and the bluejay, lifting his plumed frontlet, picks a quarrel with every feathered acquaintance, and noisily asserts his grievances.

The joree has dived deeper into the thicket, and the festive sapsucker, he of the scarlet crest, begins to come to the front, inquisitive as to the location of bugs and worms.

On such a day, such a cloudless, radiant, flower-sweetened day, the horseman slackens the rein as he rides through lanes and quiet fields; and he dares to dream that the children of God once loved each other.

On such a day, one may dream that the time might come when they would do so again.

Rein in and stop, here on this high hill! Look north, look east where the sun rises, look south, look west where the sun sets—on all sides the steady mule, the steady plowman, and the children dropping corn.

Close the eye a moment and look at the picture fancy paints. Every field in Georgia is there, every field in the South is there. And in each, the figures are the same—the steady mule and the steady man, and the pattering feet of the children dropping corn.

In these furrows, lies the food of the republic; on these fields, depend life, and health and happiness.

Halt those children and see how the cheek of the world blanches at the thought of famine!

Paralyze that plowman—and see how national bankruptcy would shatter every city in the Union.

Dropping corn! A simple thing, you say.

And yet, as those white seeds rattle down to the sod and hide away for a season, it needs no peculiar strength of fancy to see a Jacob's ladder crowded with ascending blessings.

Scornfully, the railroad king would glance at these small teams in each small field; yet check those corndroppers, and his cars would rot on the road and rust would devour the engines in the roundhouse. The banker would ride through those fields thinking only of his hoarded millions, nor would he ever startle himself with the thought that his millions would melt away in mist, were those tiny hands never more to be found dropping corn. The bondholder, proud in all the security of the untaxed receiver of other people's taxes, would see in these fields merely the industry from which he gathers tribute; it would never dawn on his mind, that, without the opening of those furrows and the hurrying army of children dropping corn, his bond wouldn't be worth the paper it is written on.

Great is the might of this republic!—great in its schools, churches, courts, legislatures; great in its towns and cities; great in its commerce, great in its manufactures, great in its colossal wealth.

But sweep from under it all these worn and wasted fields, strike into idleness or death the plowman, his wife and his child, and what becomes of the gorgeous structure whose foundation is his field?

Halt the food growers, and what becomes of your gold and its "intrinsic value"?

How much of your gold can you eat?

How many of your diamonds will answer the need of a loaf?
But enough.

It is time to ride down the hill. The tinkle of the cowbell follows the sinking sun—both on the way home.

So, with many an unspoken thought, I ride homeward, thinking of those who plant the corn.

And hard indeed would be the heart that, knowing what these people do and bear and suffer, yet would not fashion this prayer to the favored of the republic: "O rulers, law-makers, soldiers, judges, bankers, merchants, editors, lawyers, doctors, preachers, bondholders! Be *not so unmindful of the toil and misery of those who feed you!*"

* * * * *

The Watsonian

"Not until tyrants have found a way to kill justice and to chain the thoughts of men will they ever be able to put bad laws where they are safe for the future." —Thos. E. Watson

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Editorial Notes

OUR POSITION:

The Watsonian has been asked to state it's policies in dealing with the one big issue before the people of the United States, that is, does a catholic's allegiance to a foreign pope disqualify him for President of the United States.

We say YES ! ! ! with all the emphasis in our power.

No longer can they call us bigots, no longer can they charge us with intolerance. Why?—because this subject is squarely before the American people. You can hardly pick up a magazine without there being an article in it discussing this subject. Just as hard as some magazines will support Al Smith, a catholic, for President, just that hard will The Watsonian fight him.

More than twelve years ago Thos. E. Watson pointed out to the American people the dangers that lay ahead. Let it be understood that we are not attacking Catholicism purely because Mr. Watson did, but just following the trend of other magazines, and using Watson's writings as a basis. *They are the best in existence.*

Scribner's March number contains an article "The Catholic Laywoman's Viewpoint" by Grace Housman Sherwood. The article opens with this sentence. "At a time like this when our foremost magazines carry almost invariably with each issue one article about religious questions and sometimes more than one—it seems not improbable to me that the view point of the Catholic laywoman might interest the general reader."

To be sure the article is interesting whether you are pro or con on the religious question which we are facing today. Here is another statement made by Mrs. Sherwood which opens a discus-

sion.

"It is to these nuns and sisters that the education of our children is intrusted for the most part. For we make no bones of the fact that we like to educate our children in our own schools."

The Catholics denounce secular education and public schools—Why?

Because under the papal system, the child is never to be permitted to do its own thinking.

Its plastic brain must be poperized in order that the child—grown to manhood or womanhood—will be atrophied on one side of its mond.

In other words catholic education seeks to prevent the boy or girl from knowing any truth which may set in motion those *dynamic spurs of progress* namely, doubt, desire to see the other side, *determination to investigate and form independent opinions.*

Educate youth in this way, and the consequences are logical. The children graduate in *obedience,* feel no divine trust for free knowledge; depend upon *authority,* rather than upon *investigation;* cringe to the priest; look to him for guidance and control; lose mental self reliance, and gradually cease to be liberals, progressives, democrats, republicans—*believers in the capacity of the people to govern themeslves.*

A catholic, imbued with the idea that he is not entitled to any voice in church affairs, and contented with the dependent position of the man who must silently pay and obey, *soon accepts* the POLITICAL doctrine of his church, also; and he comes to believe that he has no right to choose rulers, make laws, think for himself on public questions, or to take any initiative whatever.

Of course they have reasons for fighting public schools and for educating their children in their own schools, but we take the position that their reasons are un-American.

* * *

THE PRESIDENT SNORES:

An editorial in a current monthly magazine jumps on the Coolidge administration with both feet and accuses our newspapers of painting a false picture. We quote "Since the very moment of the martyr Harding's dispatch by the Jesuits they (the newspapers) have pumped up his absurd little successor in a lavish and voluminous manner. Their proprietors and, in many cases, their managing editors and chief editorial writers, have sailed down the Potomac on the Mayflower, listening to him snore . . . There has been no more trival and trashy President in American History, surrounded by worse frauds.

Surely such comments as these sound good to the Agricultural

South and West *since the trival and trashy President* spanked with his veto-paddle the Farm Relief bill.

When a Georgia Statesman said less than this about Dr. Woodrow Wilson what happened? You remember the publications were denied the privileges of the mails. And for that reason the name of our magazine is "The Watsonian" instead of "The Jeffersonian." Oh! but times have changed.

* * *

JUST IN GEORGIA:

A good friend of ours from Chipley says in a letter to us that "Our present Governor has lost sight of the facts if he ever saw them. Will our next Governor see them? The speculator has sicked him (the present Governor) on the Cow-Hog-Hen. He misleads. Sweet milk to the producer nets 70c for butter fat, ought to be 90c. Eggs about 20c per doz. (that is hell and heap of it)."

The Cow, Hog and Hen slogan or the hoo-e-e-e, soo-e-e-e, shoo-e-e-e supplements the familiar slogan of Diversify Your Crops.

We agree with our friend from Harris County. The Governor gives us a pain in trying to tell the farmers what to do and how to do when he (the Governor) played politics with the most important and helpful department to the farmers in our state Government—The State Bureau of Markets—in forcing them to suspend work in the midst of the farmers selling season. The Governor was not a big enough man to drop petty politics in an effort to help the *poor farmers* for whom he is so loudly bellowing today.

Give the farmer a half a million dollar Market Bureau through which to sell his diversified products and he will DIVERSIFY. Give the farmer a Market Bureau with means to run poultry cars all over our state, and he will PRODUCE THE HENS. Give the farmer a Market Bureau with means to conduct Hog Sales in every county in Georgia and he will RAISE THE HOGS. Give the farmer a Market Bureau which can secure Creameries in strategical points that will buy the farmer's raw milk and he will have on his farm PLENTY OF COWS.

These would-be-statesmen must have something to talk about, but ye Gods their theme is becoming monotonous. Everyone who owns, operates, or rents a farm knows that what the farmer needs everywhere is BETTER MARKETING FACILITIES.

* * *

CONGRESS:

The Sixty-ninth Congress adjourned with quite a bit of excitement. Senator Johnson kept

the Senate in session for 28½ hours trying to force a vote on his Boulder dam bill. Senator Reed threatened another filibuster if the Senate did not consider his resolution allowing his committee to investigate excess campaign expenses in certain states. Republicans opposed the previous investigations and stated that Senator Reed only desired to travel about the country with a troup of news reporters in hope of contributing to his Presidential ambitions. These remarks and others from Senator Robinson of Indiana brought a sharp reply from Senator Reed. The resolution was not defeated.

The Seventieth Congress will be changed in personnel quite a bit but the machinery will remain possibly the same. The Republicans retain control of the next House and their caucuses have renominated Nicholas Longworth as speaker and John Q. Tilson as floor leader. In the Senate, Vice President Dawes, of course, continues as presiding officer until his term expires March 4th, 1929. Senator Curtiss will doubtless be retained as Republican floor leader and democrats will possibly again select Senator Robinson. There will be a bitter fight for control in the Senate between the Democrats and the Republicans. They are about equally divided and in the Seventieth Congress we may expect many spirited sessions.

* * *

TOLERANCE AGAIN:

In this issue we have printed under the head of "Letters from the People" a letter from Miss Ruth Campbell of Knoxville, Tennessee, which is a splendid article showing the reasons why we should not have in the White House a subject of Rome. Miss Campbell's letter shows that she is an educated woman yet the press with their tolerance cries would have you think that no one but the uneducated classes of the South are opposing Al Smith. The truth is that all classes in the South who have good Government at heart are opposing and will oppose any man for President whose creed, religion, or teaching is that which tends to tear down the Government established by our forefathers. They will oppose and are opposing such a man in spite of the concerted effort of the press which is at the mercy of the moneyed interests in Wall Street. They call us bigots, they call us illiterates, but thank God there is still enough of the old fire left in the Protestant churches in our Southland which will prevent our people from being led by a halter into this damnable trap backed by this so-called "Tolerance Press."

TO THE GRAY

AN EDITORIAL

On April 26th the South will pay tribute to those gallant men of the Southland who so nobly fought for a cause they thought to be right. It was not a question of slavery, but a question of State rights. Robert E. Lee said, "I will not draw a sword against the Union until they enter my state (Virginia).

But regardless of the issues; regardless of the cause, we are back in one union much to the good of all concerned. We love our National government, but at the same time we love our State government, and we should always protect it against a centralized government which would tend to overrun state rights.

These old men of gray are fast going to join their comrades who have gone on before. Each Memorial Day finds this gray line thinner.

In Atlanta this thin gray line marches down Peachtree and Whitehall Street, turning into Hunter, which leads by the Capitol to the Oakland Cemetery, where appropriate ceremonies are held in honor of the Confederate dead. It is interesting to note that the John B. Gordon Monumental Association in selecting a place on the Capitol grounds to build their monument, decided that this monument should be on the Hunter Street side, where the old soldiers can see the monument as they pass to the cemetery on Memorial Day. Last year the writer decided to witness the Memorial parade from this monument, and it was heart-rending to watch these old soldiers shed tears as they passed by and saluted General Gordon.

Words fail us when we try to pay tribute to our heroes in gray; hence we are closing with a beautiful tribute from Lucian Lamar Knight, in his Memorials of Dixie Land:

"Time, one by one, is paroling the Old Guard, and soon the last of Lee's Paladins will whisper to his mates beyond the starlight: 'I am coming, boys, I am coming.' Soldiers of the South, with this message I leave you. You have suffered long. You have suffered much. Life's warfare has been hard. But one glorious glimpse of the plume of the Great Captain will be worth it all when the bugles wake you in that green country where

'Falls no shadow, lies no stain
Where those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.'"

* * *

ROMAN CATHOLIC HEIRARCHY

BY

THOS. E. WATSON

The Deadliest Menace to American Liberties and Christian Civilization.

Ireland; Tribute by Sergeant S. Prentiss; A beacon light of learning in the Middle Ages; The Danish invasion; A divided country; King Henry the Second of England determines to seize Ireland; Buys it from Pope Adrian the Fourth; Bull of authority issued by the Pope to the King; Text of that document; Conquest of Ireland; Its cause; the Irishmen divided; Mr. McCarthy's book; Decrease in the Roman Catholic population; Increase of the priesthood; Priestly devices for separating the Irish from their money.

CHAPTER II.

Is it peculiar that some nations, like some individuals, should win from the world a greater share of sympathy than others whose sufferings are as great? Whether peculiar or not, such is the case.

Take Poland and Hungary for instance; they more profoundly interest us than any other of the Continental countries. Poland especially arouses compassion, because she, more unfortunate than her sister country, has been divided among the spoilers.

But, however much we may deplore the failure of Hungary to achieve separate national existance; however much we may pity Poland, there is another country whose story is so varied, so strange, so sad, that, in power to excite sympathy, it eclipses even Poland.

Of course, Ireland is meant.

Speaking of her, after his removal to New Orleans, and when famine was stalking throughout the highways and by-ways of the Emerald Isle, Sergeant S. Prentiss—the most versatile, richly endowed orator that ever thrilled an American audience—said: "There lies upon the other side of the broad Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and song. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been rich in statesmen, warriors and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles except its own. In wit and humor it has no equal, while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet and mellow pathos."

There was a time when it might have been truthfully said that the torch of learning blazed more brightly in Ireland than anywhere else

in Europe. In the mediaeval ages she was a beacon. In the third century of Christ she was not only Christian herself, but her devoted evangelists were bearing the banner of the Cross throughout Continental Europe.

Peace as well as learning blessed the Emerald Isle, between the sixth and tenth centuries. No country could boast of a government more orderly, or of a civilization more progressive.

Then came the Danish invasion, and long wars, which left their curse in depleted population and national exhaustion. But the necessary men arose, as they did in Scotland and England; and the Danes were driven out. But the struggle left the afflicted Island spent and divided, with no chieftain predominating above the others, to unite his country, to reorganize it, and prepare it for self-defense.

Across the narrow channel, which separates Ireland from England, was a crafty, cruel, greedy and powerful Norman King, Henry the Second. He looked upon bleeding Ireland with the eye of desire. As cunning as he was grasping and powerful, he determined to commit one more crime in the name of religion—the holy name under which so many wicked deeds have been done, the sacred name under which so many sordid lusts are gratified, so many subtle schemes are worked out, so many bloody acts done, and so much suffering inflicted upon humanity.

From the very beginning when the heartles Roman Emperor, Constantine, made his bargain with the heads of the Roman Hierarchy, one great wrong after another has been inflicted upon people, by churches and kings, in the name of God, and for the pretended advancement of His Kingdom. Henry the Second knew perfectly well the nature of the papal hierarchy. He was thoroughly familiar with the bargains that so often before had been made between kings and popes. He knew the pride, the rapacity, the callousness to human suffering, of the many who have posed as the personal representative of Christ on this earth; therefore he offered a devilish bargain by which he was to have increased power, Rome was to have additional revenue, and the people of Ireland, a heartless task-master.

For eight hundred years Ireland had been a loyal Catholic country, passionately devoted to the faith. No country under the sun had given such great and touching evidences of its devotion to the arrogant Italians who claimed to be "the successors of St. Peter." It would seem that if there was ever a time when the papal hierarchy would spurn a damnable proposition, would be true to their sacred calling, would prove that there was sincerity and purity in their purposes, and that they were really devoted to the calling of their Divine

Master on this earth, it was when the Norman King proposed to buy from the Pope the right to invade and subjugate such a pathetically loyal people as the Irish had always been.

At the time that the Norman proposed to buy Ireland from the Pope, there was no pretense of provocation from the people who were to be victimized. It was not contended that Ireland had in any way offended the Pope. Nevertheless, as a manifestation of his power to pull down and set up rulers, he imposed upon the people a government which was revolting to every racial and national instinct. Pope Adrian the Fourth issued a decree which was to mean the ruin of a devoted Catholic people, the setting over them a detestable tyrant, the overthrow of Irish law and order, and the bringing upon them centuries of misery, oppression, anarchy and starvation.

Let me illustrate the true nature of the Roman Heirarchy, by following the history of the fearful consequences of the sale of Ireland to the Norman King. Some of my American correspondents claim that the Bull of Adrian the Fourth, authorizing Henry the Second to take possession of Ireland, is a forgery. It is easily believable that these American Catholics are sincere. They go to Catholic schools where they are taught in books that have been carefully doctored. Historical facts which damn the Catholic Hierarchy, are omitted. If mention is ever made of them at all, they are either distorted or falsified. No Catholic child, no Catholic man or woman can get, out of Catholic literature, the true story of the trade made with Constantine, or that made with Charlemagne. In none of their books, will you find a veracious narrative of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the atrocity of the Torquemada and of the Alva, the ferocity with which the Roman wolves hounded the Vaudois in the Alps, or of the true secrets that were walled in and kept hidden from view within the torture chambers in Rome, in Avignon, and in almost every other European city.

To say that the Bull which Adrian the Fourth granted to Henry the Second is a forgery, is as impudent a falsehood as human lips ever uttered. You will find it referred to in all the full standard histories of England. You will find it in Aubrey's history of the British people. You will find it in Hume, in Knight's great work, and in every other book which claims to be a full story of Great Britain. The Bull of Adrian the Fourth is a document as genuine as the *Magna Charta.*

Why should it be so hard for the American Catholics to believe that the Pope signed away from a people the right to choose its own rulers? It is a part of the Catholic creed that the Pope has such

power. It is claimed to be his by virtue of his being the personal representative of God, in the hollow of whose hand rests all lands and all peoples.

Here is the wording of the most cruel document that human brains ever conceived and human hands ever signed:—

"As for Ireland and all other islands where Christ is known and Christian religion is received, it is out of all doubt, they do belong to the right of St. Peter and the Church of Rome. You have, our well-beloved-son in Christ, so advertised and signified to us that you will enter into the land and realm of Ireland to the end to bring them into obedience to law, and in your subjection to root from among them their foul sins and wickedness, as also to yield and pay yearly out of every house a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter. We therefore grant that you do enter to possess that land. And further, we do strictly require that all the people of that land do with all humbleness, dutifulness and honor accept and receive you as their liegelord and sovereign."

The order which sent the troops into Highland glen, to commit the awful massacre of Glencoe, is a wicked document. The order which sent armed men into the south of France, to slaughter and to desolate, is a wicked document. But by the side of this devilish bull, which Adrian the Fourth granted to the Norman King, these other two papers might almost seem virtuous.

The document, which was the death warrant to the dwellers within the glen, carried at least the excuse of having been issued against those who had sprung up, with arms in their hands, to resist the government. The order which sent the ruthless warriors against the peace-loving Albigenses, could have at least claimed that the Pope considered the victims to be heretics. But the papal bull which sent Ireland to chains and slavery, which time again and again has caused her precious life-blood to flow in torrents, and which has caused her people to be smitten by famine until wide areas were absolutely bereft of human inhabitant, was directed, not against those who were heretics, but against those who regarded the Pope as the Holy Father, and his church as Holy Mother. Of all the dark deeds, born of malice and greed, that have cursed the human race, this was the most diabolical, and the crime was committed, by the so-called Vicar of Christ, in the sacred name of religion.

To let loose upon his faithful children the hell-dogs of Norman and Saxon ferocity and lust—the enormities being given the express sanction of God's representative upon the earth—was a more frightful crime against God and man than was ever committed by Attila,

by Alaric, by Tamerlane, or by Nero himself. In the butcheries which followed the granting of that papal bull, the burning of homes, the outrages upon helpless women, the ruthless slaughter of children, the desolation which blighted the commerce, agriculture and education of Ireland, make a most horrible chapter in the history of the world.

When the Norman invaders landed in Ireland, in the year 1170, they brought no weapon so effective as the papal bull. That command from their Holy Father paralyzed the Irish. They were thrown into a state of stupefaction and despair. While some said "we must resist the Norman," others said, "we must obey the Pope."

One hundred thousand Saxons were hurled against the Scots, only to be rolled back in discomfiture. Scotland never was conquered, although assailed from generation to generation by Saxons and Normans. The Irishman has proved on a hundred fields of battle throughout the world that a better soldier than he has never gone to the firing line. Why is it, as Prentiss said, "The brave and generous sons of Erin have fought all battles successfully, except its own-" It is because they have been kept in a state of division and half-heartedness by the papal command, which enjoined obedience upon them to their liegelord, the British King. Conscience, which makes cowards of us all, was against the Irishman in fighting for his own rights and liberties, and hence his struggle for Ireland has been hesitating, fitful, and devoid of that unity and confidence which is essential to success. Educated to believe that the Pope has a right to impose rulers of his own choosing upon his own children, the Irish have never resisted the English with anything like the national spirit and persistence of the Scots.

Only 7,000 soldiers were sent to subdue the unhappy Island, and Henry the Second was so certain of success, because of the papal bull, that he did not deign to lead these troops in person. He sent his brother; and that brother, with only a handful of troops, was successful in effecting a conquest. Awed, divided, superstitiously afraid, the Irish almost held out their arms to the shackles. Following the conquest there came to the Irish the loss of their estates, their liberty, their commerce, their manufactures, their system of education, their law, and their civilization.

Yet with submissiveness and docility, hard to understand, the sons of Erin continued to lick the hand which struck them down. The cowl of the monk having been stretched over the brain of the child, rested upon the mind of the man. The priest taught the children of Erin, not to see with their own eyes, but with the eyes of the priests.

They continued to obey the priests; they continued to adore their holy Papa; and they dutifully and regularly sent the Peter's pence to Rome.

As an evidence of the state of mind which is the logical result of the priestly teaching in parochial schools, consider the words of some Irish chieftians who, in the 14th century, were addressing to the Pope a remonstrance full of pathos. In the remonstrance these monk-taught Irishmen did not deny that the Pope had the right to give them a ruler who was revolting to them; did not deny that the Holy Father had kept well within his prerogative when he sold them to the Norman King: but; on the contrary, they admitted that the Pope, as a representative of God upon the earth, possessed the supreme overlordship of Ireland. On the ground that the English had set aside their laws, corrupted their morals, seized their lands, and had committed all kinds of enormities against the Pope's children—his poor faithful children—for this reason, and no other, the Irish claimed a right to revolt against the British and Normans.

But it was too late. The fatal division and dissensions that the papal bull had brought into the country—some saying that they should submit, and others saying they should resist—caused the desperate revolt of the Irish chieftains to have no other result than to stretch 10,000 Irish stark and gory on the field of Athunsee.

It is related that when the effeminate but intelligent king, Louis XV. of France, visited Brussels he was shown the tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy. Among others there was the sepulchre of Mary, the daughter of the last of that great house. Pointing to it the French King remarked to his courtiers, "there lies the cause of all our wars." The great but unscrupulous King Louis the XI. had seized upon the inheritance of that orphan girl. She married the Emperor of Germany, and her cause was espoused along the Rhine. Many a devouring struggle followed, as ages passed away; the remark of the French monarch was well made.

With even stricter accuracy, the Irish could point to the Bull of Adrian the Fourth, who sold them to the Norman King, as the cause of centuries of strife, misrule, spoliation, illiteracy, starvation and despair.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." What of the Ireland of today? She is still controlled by the Pope, as she ever was. What of her actual condition and progressive tendency? To what goal does she seem bound? What has been the harvest of a thousand years of blind fidelity and service to the cause of Rome? In answering this, no Protestant report will be used. I am depending upon a book re-

cently issued from the London Press entitled, "Priests and People in Ireland," by Michael J. F. McCarthy. The first volume appeared in the year 1902. (I am using an edition of 1906.)

The author is an eminent Barrister-at-Law, formerly a member of the Catholic Church, and still a Catholic, though he has been excommunicated for telling the truth about the Catholic Heirarchy.

In the appendix of his book there is a table of statistics that ought to set the American world to thinking. Bear in mind, as I quote these figures, that this is Roman Catholicism at work *in one of its own countries,* where its movements are unhampered, its growth unobstructed, and where it exercises its power without interferenc.

According to this publication, there were in the year 1861, 4,505,265 Catholics. The priests, monks and nuns numbered 5,955. Forty years later (1901) the Catholic population had decreased to 3,308,661, and the priests, monks and nuns had increased to 14,145. In the forty years, there had occurred a diminution in the Catholic population of 27 per cent. During the same period the number of priests, monks and nuns had increased 137 per cent.

In 1861 the total clerical establishment was 9,294. In 1901 it was 16,871. In other words, the faithful children outside of the various clerical orders, are not so numerous as they were forty years ago, but they are taxed to support an establishment which is almost twice as large and almost twice as expensive.

During the same period, (1861 to 1901) the Protestant population has diminished very slightly (7 1-2 per cent.), whereas the Protestant clergy of all denominations has decreased 15 per cent. To be exact, in 1861 the Protestant population was 1,243,299. Ministering to these, about 3,239 clergy. In 1901 the Protestant population was 1,150,114, the clergy numbered 2,726.

A more amazing proof of the growth of the hierarchy, at the expense of the people who support it, could not be found.

On the 16th page, this devout Catholic (McCarthy) speaks of "the stagnation, decay and hopelessness" that have settled on Catholic Ireland, and asks, "Who are the enslavers? Who keep the Irish Catholic mind in subjection? Who denounce a 'free mind' and 'free thought' as if they are diseases?"

Arguing that the difference between a stagnant Catholic community and a thrifty Protestant community is due entirely to the hierarchy, McCarthy says that it cannot be due to a lack of capital, for three hundred thousand dollars can be raised by subscription for a new Catholic church anywhere in Ireland. Then he says "we find in this very diocese (Louth) that Cardinal Logue was able to clear

over $150,000 at a single bazaar, for the interior decoration of his cathedral." He asks concerning this "stagnation, decay and hopelessness" in Catholic Ireland, "Is it not caused by the up-bringing of the lay Catholics, because of the timidity and want of self-help implanted in their minds? Is it not the result of their up-bringing that they are prepared to expend millions of money in the building of churches and convents, and endowing priests and nuns, and thus leave themselves without a ten pound note to start a fresh industry?"

Quite at random I will take some of the descriptions of priestly devices for separating the Irish from their money. The first is the marriage among the poor. The priest comes to the wedding feast, after he has performed the ceremony. That he should be so condescending, is a great honor to those present. He seats himself at the head of the table; fills the tumblers with wine, which he hands to the females, each of whom makes a courtesy as she takes the tumbler of liquor from his hand. To the men, the priest hands cups or tumblers of whiskey. Now, I quote McCarthy, just as he writes,—"After the company had imbibed freely, the priest arose and went around with the bride-cake, which he sold in pieces to the men and women. Each one paid him for his or her slice, taking the pieces of cake and dropping the money on the plate instead of it. When the priest had gone the entire round of the company he took the proceeds from the plate and put them in his pocket, and he shortly afterwards took his departure from the house. This habit of selling the bride-cake is very prevalent at weddings of poor Catholics throughout the North of Ireland." At this particular wedding the sale of the bride's cake to these poor people yielded $25.00 to the priest, who had already been paid a fee for performing the ceremony.

From the marriage feast we go to the funeral, and there we find the priest again raking in the shekels. Again let me quote,—"If the priest comes to the funeral a collection is made up for him before the dead body leaves the house for the cemetery. In some instances this is done in a particularly offensive way. The coffin is laid on chairs outside of the door, and a large dish or plate is placed upon it, and all of those present come over and place their offerings on the plate. In one instance north of this densely populated district, the widow offered the priest of the parish a lump sum of $25.00 if he would consent not to have such a collection. He refused. Not only would the collection amount to more than that, but he said they could not set a precedent of breaking through an old and lucrative custom. When the dead body is brought to the church, a collection is made by themselves at the altar-rail. In the south of Ireland, if the friends of the

deceased cannot pay, the priests absent themselves from the funeral."

Speaking of Daniel O'Connell, and his work for the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, McCarthy says,—"The Catholic emancipation which O'Connell won for us has emancipated the priests so that they may enslave the laymen's minds. All the gain resultant from it so far lies with the clerical class. We have the right to vote, we can elect a member of parliament, but when elected he serves the priests and injures us by his public conduct. Their minds are in manacles firmly riveted on by the priests in the schools, our youthful spirit is broken by them beyond reparation.

"Our politicians, like Mr. Davitt, ought to be the champions of the laymen of Ireland; but so far as ranging themselves on the side of true freedom they are selling the birthright of their country for a mess of pottage to the Irish priests, who are themselves the partners of the ravening Italian priests at Rome. It must be borne in mind that in the partnership in Rome the Irish priests get a large share of the spoils, but in the partnership of the Irish politicians with the priests, the priests get all the spoils."

This is the whole case in a nutshell. This is a faithful picture of what the Catholic Hierarchy does wherever it controls. By corrupt bargains in politics, by sordid partnership with Italian priests at Rome, by the fettering of the mind of those whom they teach, the system is made to work the same results throughout the Roman Catholic world. You will find it in Central and South America, in Mexico, in Cuba, in New York, in Chicago, in Paris, in Vienna, in Lisbon, in Madrid—wherever the monk and the priest can control, they manacle the mind and thought of the people, rob them from the cradle to the grave, dividing the spoil with those crafty hypocrites who prowl through the corridors of the Vatican.

As was said by Francis the First,—"I have need of all the resources of my subjects, but the holy father is continually inventing new exactions which transfer the money of my kingdom into the coffers of the popedom; most assuredly the Roman government is only a net to catch money." King Francis felt that he had a right to all the money that his people could afford to spare from their scanty incomes, and it angered him deeply that the pope was reaching out for more. In proportion as the priests added to their exactions, their would be less for the king. The king's wrath was not aroused because the Pope was oppressing the people, but because the papal en-

croachments were taking away from the king revenue which he coveted. Very much the same conditions prevail today.

In 1870 the Pope enjoyed an income of $2,500,000 per year from his investments in foreign securities, while Peter's pence brought in about $1,000,000 per year. I wonder how the Pope, or any of his satellites, can ever, with a straight face, preach from the text,—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."

* * * * *

MEMORIAL DAY

Tomorrow is Memorial Day and, from the mountains to the Everglades bright-eyed girls, pure as the white they wear, will decorate the graves of those who died for a cause as holy as the incense from the flowers they scatter. And while the thousands in the State sing dirges over the soldiers who lie among us, we think that, far away in the valleys of Virginia, the Shenandoah will murmur softly its requiem for the unknown who sleep upon its banks and the wild flower will bow its head to shed a dewy tear above some unmarked grave.

Tomorrow, the Southern harp will be lifted from the willow and forth from a quivering chord affection's fingers will lead one more melody—a melody that shall be low with sadness as it bends to the Past, a melody that shall ring with exultation as it soars aloft to the future. For today our principles, which have been stained by malice and torn by discord, which have been laid away in the cerements of the tomb, have conquered oppression and have come forth bearing evergreen palms.

Tomorrow we honor the exemplars of those principles. Some of them made the sacrifice of their being, when life was like the morning cloud, floating airly over plains where the dewdrops still lingered on the lily and birds were singing from every spray. Others when noon day had swept off everything but stern reality; others again when evening was coming on and the stars of eternity were looking down upon the growing shadows. All alike claim our respect; and we will lay our garlands upon their graves with a reverend hand and murmur as we pass along, "May they sleep in peace." (T. E. W., 1876).

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Ed. Note: The letter printed below is taken from The FORUM, a monthly magazine published in New York. The message put over in this article was too good for our readers to miss. We wish more Southern women would speak up.

THE SOUTH ET AL

Mr. George Washington Hays, ex-Governor of Arkansas, in The Forum for November announces himself as "an average man living below the Mason - Dixon line", and a Democrat whose voice is that of the average Southern voter. Thereupon he proceeds to advance reasons why the South should, and will, support "Al" Smith, Governor of New York, for the presidency, if he is nominated in 1928. As an average woman living in that same much-discussed region of our country, I am venturing to take issue with my compatriot, if he will permit me.

In the first place, Mr. Hays feels that for the South to make of "Al" Smith's religion a political issue will reveal Southerners as prejudiced, intolerant, and undemocratic. The facts, I believe, are exactly contrary. No intelligent Southern voter wishes to inject the question of religious belief into the political issues of the presidential contest, any more than does a Northern, Eastern, or Western voter of the same class. But the history of the Catholic Church and the creed of the Catholic citizen are such that they do not permit his religious affiliations to be overlooked in considering his candidacy for a position of power in the Government.

Most of the religious organizations in the United States subscribe to the view set forth in the constitutional provision against any sort of union between Church and State. The colonists who emigrated to this country were, for the most part, actuated by the passionate desire for a refuge where they might worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences; where the government did not demand support of any particular church or creed. Having won this right by untold sacrifice and suffering, they secured it to themselves and their descendants forever by incorporating into their "Bill of Rights" a provision definitely separating Church and State.

And yet the Roman Catholic Church has never recognized the dissociation of the personal and spiritual from the political as a basis for a just and democratic government. Rather does it hold that church and state are inseparably interwoven, — that any question involving a decision between right and wrong is moral and, therefore, in the province of the church, even if it be purely temporal and political. An article written by Count Dalla Torre, stating authoritatively the attitude of the Vatican toward the relations of church and politics, was published in The Forum of March, 1926. Mr. Hays might

find it illuminating, I think. I am indebted to it for the following quotations. To the University students after the convention of Palermo, 1924, the Pope said: "The Azione Cattolica (a body which serves as the social militia of the Catholic Church) while not partaking in politics as such, intends to teach Catholics the best way of making use of politics." After declaring that all good Catholics refrain from identifying themselves with any political party whatsoever, Count Dalla Torre might be considered as having peculiar reference to just such Catholics as "Al" Smith when he says: "In addition to its functions in forming the political conscience of Catholics the Azione Cattolica exercises a defensive function through the action of individuals, that is to say, of 'militant' Catholics, who are not prevented from entering parties and who even find in them the only useful way of putting into practice the teachings of the Azione Cattolica. And in this case we may observe that a constant discipline binds the militant Catholic to the Azione Cattolica *even in his political activities.*" (The Italics are mine.)

If the above be true,—and how can we doubt the statement coming from the Vatican itself?—then the worthy governor of New York is assuredly of the class "militant Catholic", and therefore bound by every tie of allegiance to the Catholic doctrine.

The question arises then:—Is the organization and influence of the Roman Catholic church democratic? Is the spirit which in the South opposes a Catholic for a position of great power in the Government one of religious intolerance in fact? Let us consider for a moment the history of this church. This reveals that it has ever been practically an absolute monarchy in its organization, and a monarchy that recognizes the right to existence of no other church, claiming for itself sole authority from God, infallibility, omniscience. The Pope is the supreme head in all matters, making laws, interpreting the Scriptures, revealing the Divine will, and demanding the undivided loyalty of every communicant and the unquestioning acceptance of papal authority. The faithful subject is thus relieved of all responsibility for personal decision. It seems absurd on the face of it that a man can serve two masters:—pity the distraction of the Catholic placed in a position of political trust whose personal conscience might vary from that of his church! It is conceivable that Mr. Smith, if made President, might find himself between, so to speak, "the devil and the deep blue sea." Seriously, does Mr. Hays believe that the Southern or any other American citizen dare trust the supreme position in the power of the people to a man whose first allegiance is to another and utterly foreign body?

Shall the South forget that every country that has become democratic in government after a period of monarchism and Catholicism has been involved in numerous broils and quarrels with this church? Witness the obvious examples of Spain, Mexico, France. Shall the South forget that the Catholic church through its influence and teach-

ings holds to certain ideas that Southerners and Democrats cannot recognize? It maintains that marriage cannot be a civil rite, that the only Christian education is under its authority, that foreign immigration into the United States should not be curtailed. Mr. Smith himself has been at some pains to indicate through recent years that he does not recognize the paramount authority of the Constitution and laws of the country. Lately, he has put himself at the head of a movement which forecasts setting them utterly at naught, if not actively resisting their application. One cannot believe Mr. Hays is serious when he states that Mr. Smith's principles are the same as those of Thomas Jefferson. He laments that the death of the Democratic party must result if the South does not "solidly" support Smith for the presidency. Granting this very doubtful inference, if the alternative must be the Democratic party or democracy,—can there be any choice?

It is not religious differences and intolerance which actuates the Southern opposition to "Al" Smith. It is something deeper than any such prejudice. It is faith in those principles which are the cornerstone of our national life, for which our founders died that freedom of conscience, freedom of worship, and freedom of thought might live. The South does not conceive its position to be one of intolerance, but a protest, rather, against intolerance. It cannot accommodate its conception of democracy to an exclusive brotherhood which brands all others as aliens and heretics. And the less so when such brotherhood insists on directing, in part at least, the course of government. The South is democratic in religion as in politics. It will not stand for bigotry or exclusiveness in either.

A Roman Catholic cannot respond readily to the South's conception of the responsibility of the Presidency of the United States without proving recreant to the traditions of his church. The South stands solidily for democracy that means equality of opportunity and perpetual progress through careful experimentation. It will not deliberately waste time on dead formulas and exploded theories. The South is going forward, not backward. There was a time, perhaps, when its feelings could be flouted with impunity and its "solidity" presumed upon, but that was a good many years ago.

Ruth Campbell

Knoxville, Tenn.

* * * * *

Watsonian Publishing Company,
Thomson, Ga.
Gentlemen,

I have been informed by a friend of mine that you can supply any and every thing in the way of books, pamphlets etc., ever published by Hon. Thomas E. Watson. If this is true please send me a copy of your price list.

I was a reader of Mr. Watson's publications for quite a number of years.

Yours truly,

E. Warren,

March 1, 1927. Swainsboro, Ga.

Ed. Note. Although we do not have every thing written by Mr. Watson in book form at present, we are making an effort to have every line on our shelves for distribution next year.

* * *

The Watsonian,

Thomson, Ga.

Dear Friends in the CAUSE,

I wish to thank you for having voluntarily forwarded to me a copy of your splendid magazine, which was received just a week ago today.

Enclosed find $1.00 for which please enter my name on your mailing list to receive the Watsonian for one year.

I have planned to order some of the books listed a little later.

I am very glad some of you have aroused yourselves to begin publishing a magazine to continue, in a measure the noble work of our late friend and patriot, Thomas E. Watson.

Your magazine also gives the important news boiled down to the facts.

There is needed to be performed by our national and state law makers progressive enactments of the ideas and principles of Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, George Walton and Thomas E. Watson. The credit is due Thomas Jefferson for the most part for the religious liberty we enjoy, guaranteed by the framers of the federal Constiution. There needs to be a correction of our national banking system along the lines prepared by Jefferson and Andrew Jackson.

All of my immediate family were readers of Mr. Watson's publications from the time he initiated "The Peoples' Party Paper" back in the early '90's. I am sorry I am too overwhelmingly busy to write a good article for insertion in one of the early issues of the magazine. Number one, however, is a lovely beginning, and I know there will be gradual improvement, as you state.

I am glad our friend Senator Heflin, of Alabama, is doing his duty to some extent in Congress, by exposing the schemes, tricks and policies of the old Roman Catholic Church and Knights of Columbus, her tools for pulling chestnuts out of the fire.

I have been in New York over 14 years, but expect to get back to the dear old Southland in a year or two. I am not related in any way whatsoever to Gov. Alfred E. Smith, and hope he will be overwhelmingly defeated for the Democratic nomination for President at the next Democratic National Convention.

Sincerely yours,

John H. Smith

* * * * *

The Watsonian,

Thomson, Georgia.

Dear friends:

Enclosed find P. O. money order for $1.00 for which please send me "The Watsonian" one year. I was a great admirer of Senator Watson. I have often thought if he were alive today and in the U. S. Senate—My! how business would pick up with all those Cath-

olics trying to nominate Al Smith for president. His death was a great calamity to 100% Americans. I wish you much success with your magazine.

Very truly your friend,

J. M. POLK.

Collierville, Tenn.

* * * * *

The Watsonian,

Thomson, Georgia.

Dear friends:

I grieved at the thought of being out of touch with the Watson publications. Am glad to know that Watson still has a posterity at Thomson. May God bless and direct the new publication.

Sincerely,

MRS. EMMA CARSTENSEN.

Arden, Ill.

* * * * *

The Watsonian,

Thomson, Georgia.

Dear Editor:

I am truly glad you have started The Watsonian. I read T. E. W.'s magazine and paper a long time and was a great admirer of him. Enclosed $1.00 for The Watsonian.

Thanking you very much and with very best wishes, I am,

Yours truly,

R. R. ADAMS.

Benton, Ark.

Tom Watson Book Company,

Thomson, Georgia.

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing money order for $1.00 to pay my subscription to The Watsonian and can I get March issue, please?

Mr. Watson was such a *great* man.

Respectfully,

(MISS) ORA MORGAN.

Senoia, Ga.

* * * * *

Miss Georgia Watson Lee,

Thomson, Georgia.

Dear Miss Lee:

Before the world was blessed with your existence I was reading the writings of your illustrious grandfather and have been wishing for this very thing, and am only too glad to subscribe for The Watsonian for the memory of "Pur Tom" if nothing else; but there is another reason: the promulgation of the ideals of Watson. Start me with the first issue.

Yours truly,

N. B. DUNCAN.

Newport, Ark.

* * * * *

The Watsonian,

Thomson, Georgia.

Received the second number of your magazine as a sample copy and am sending you $1.00 for a year's subscription.

May your magazine do much good along this much needed work.

Yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.

Dublin, Ind.

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—From Senate Memorial Services to Thos. E. Watson.
—Senator Tom Heflin of Alabama.